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" Yes there, ye great and favour'd few,
 My country still shall live with you,
 And, rising o'er the wreck of time,
 Exulting boast her mountain clime,
 While through her fairy haunts * shall stray
 The music of her happier day ;
 For her's shall be the glorious meed,
 (So Heaven and Genius have decreed,)
 That still within her bardic shell
 Her native notes shall love to dwell,
 And still with 'raptured voice proclaim
 The records of her pristine fame ;
 While, as of old, shall soar above
 The hymn of gratitude and love,
 Still mingling with her gifted lays
 The incense of a nation's praise,
 'Till that dread hour, when time is o'er,
 And song and genius charm no more."

THE MOUNTAIN BARD TO HIS NATIVE LAND.

CYMRU, how I hail thy name,
 How I prize thy ancient fame,
 How I love to catch the sound,
 Straying o'er thy magic ground,
 Where immortal music dwells,
 Nursed among thy rocks and dells ;
 Where the holy *awen* ever
 Teems with strains, that perish never,
 As within thy tuneful haunts
 Still the 'raptured minstrel chaunts :
 Emblem of his gifted sires,
 Glowing erst with quenchless fires,
 Type of bards, that yet shall be,—
 Heirs of thy old minstrelsy.

CYMRU ! as my days decline,
 May such favour'd lot be mine,
 Near some lonely mountain stream
 Thus to chaunt my bardic theme,
 Thus my social harp to ply,
 Thus to live, and thus to die !

* The superstitious notions of the Welsh respecting fairies have been described in the former volume, p. 347.—ED.